

THE
NIGHTINGALE
1928



Annie Louise Wilkerson, M. D.
100 S. BOYLAN AVENUE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA 27603



ANNUAL

Published by the
Senior Class
of
Rex Hospital Training School
for Nurses

1928

Raleigh, North Carolina



DEDICATION

WE APPRECIATE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE
FOR US, AND TO YOU

MISS GLADYS WINIFRED BEEKER

WHO HAS LOVED, INSPIRED, AND INSTRUCTED US
DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS
WE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS
THE THIRD VOLUME OF
THE NIGHTINGALE

The NIGHTINGALE

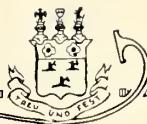


MISS GLADYS WINIFRED BEEKER, R.N.
Instructress of Nurses

Three

THE NURSES' HOME





THE NIGHTINGALE STAFF

Foreword

Shakespeare breathed an immortal whisper—"all the world's a stage." Before us is the curtain of life, and as we stand ready to draw it, striving to see the future filled with scenes and faces, may their pages serve as a bulwark against forgetfulness—a reminder of our past ideals and aspirations—in fact, what we were.

As a memory, may it brighten; as an inspiration, may it strengthen.



OLD MANLY MANSION, 1908



REX HOSPITAL, 1928



*"Again rejoicing, Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hue."*

The NIGHTINGALE

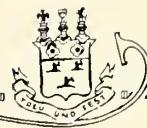


*"Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year."*



MAIN ENTRANCE

The NIGHTINGALE

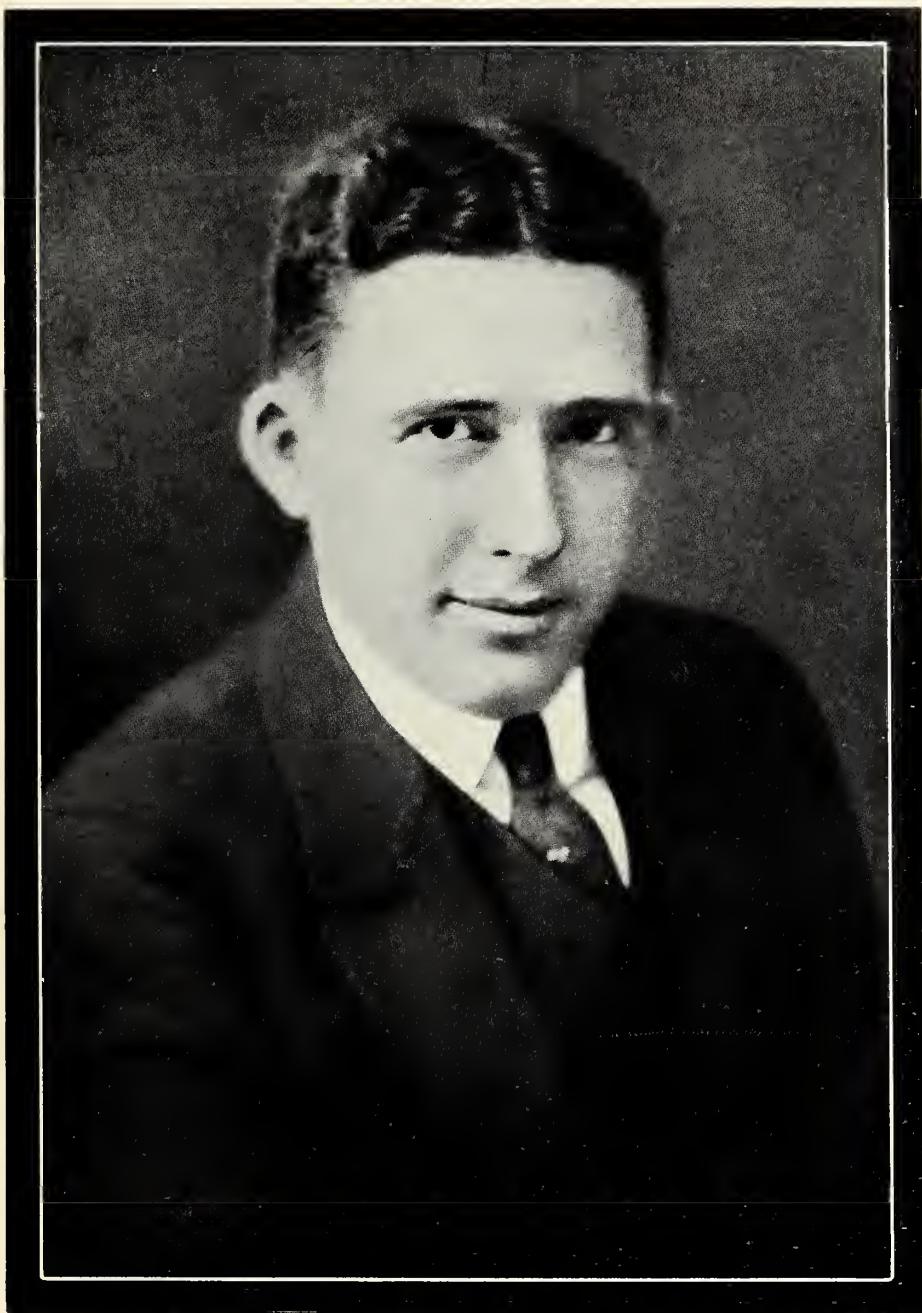


*"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."*

Eleven



OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES



DR. T. E. WILKERSON

*"An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved friends away,
And then we mortals call them dead."*



Honorary Mascot
THADDEUS EARL WILKERSON, JR.

COLORS: *Pink and Lavender*

MOTTO:

"Serve, though the path be rugged"

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

The NIGHTINGALE





KATHERYN SHAW TUCKER

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Class President

*"She's sweet of disposition,
She's loving, wise, and kind;
She's full of true affection.
She cannot be defined."*

"TUCK" is our "best all round." No girl in the class is more loved and admired by both faculty and classmates. With her ability to accomplish things and make friends, we predict for her a bright future.



GLADYS BACOT JOHNSON

WAGRAM, N. C.

Class Treasurer

"Precious things are done up in small packages"

"JOINNIE" is our dreamer; therefore she sees many of the beauties of life that elude we more prosaic subjects. She will never grow up, and is doomed to a very long though happy and useful childhood.



CLARA SMITH VAUGHAN
SEABOARD, N. C.

"A true friend is the masterpiece of nature"

Never could a truer, more steadfast friend be found than "VAUGHAN." Many are the little heartaches she has helped ease out. Could we say more than "She is loved by all"?



ILA MAE CRUMP
SMITHFIELD, N. C.

"Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others"

We have been wondering who would play for our entertainment when Miss CRUMP leaves us. She is the "long-tressed lassie" who has helped us turn our "dark clouds wrong side out" through these three years.



WILLIE AILEEN MAYES
OXFORD, N. C.

"Character is the only true diploma" /

Although we could write a book on her characteristics, we will just say she is merry, modest, and the gentlest of the gentle. She goes from our midst with the best wishes of all.



MARGARET IDEE BERRY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Duty comes before pleasure"

MISS BERRY is a hard worker, and you may be sure a task is well done if she has handled it. She comes from South Carolina and she says her motto in life is, "It is not the position but the disposition that counts."



MAMIE JUANITA CROWDER
GREENSBORO, N. C.

"A merry heart doeth good like unto a medicine"

When the daughters of Zeus were musing over a small bit of clay, they decided at last to fashion one who should be fair, comely, and sweet. Every one considers JAUNITA the most fortunate member of the class, and why she refrains from wearing her diamond when off duty is more than we can understand.



GLADYS MABEL SPIVEY

LEMON SPRINGS, N. C.

Class Secretary

"Ambition rules my brain and Love my heart"

MISS SPIVEY is the star of her class when it comes to working problems. She hails from Lemon Springs, and there is the tang of the lemon in her conversation. With her ability to accomplish things and her natural wit she is going to be heard from in the nursing world. Indifferent as she appears to be, there is no more loyal friend than Miss SPIVEY.



JENNIE WATSON PEARCE
POLLOCKSVILLE, N. C.

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on 't."*

She might—but we hardly think she will—follow her profession long, for gloom spreads its wings and sails to foreign shores when "JEN" appears on the scene. Those who have really sounded her depths and know MISS PEARCE know she is unsurpassed when it comes to the fine things of life. She is noted for having her opinion and sticking to it until "death do us part."

Twenty-four



EMMA LEE BENNETT
ASH, N. C.

*"I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love and lift."*

Here's to our "six." She is a friend to all. She never worries or frets, but takes life as it comes. We predict for her a wonderful future. She has the qualities most admired by our grandmothers.



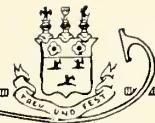
MABEL SAULS BARBOUR
RALEIGH, N. C.

Class Vice-President

"Be your own self and leave custom to fools who need it"

"BARBOUR" comes to us from across the "Mason and Dixon" line, but we have found her a treasure beyond price. The class would have truly been incomplete without her. When it comes to vamping and loving, she has it on us.

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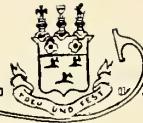


FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious or mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

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Class Poem, 1928

*How swiftly pass the years begun
When we our pledges made!
How sure has been the race we've run,
Serene and unafraid.*

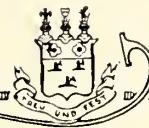
*Those years have taught us each to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done;
To live for mankind, day by day,
And ne'er our duty shun.*

*We've builded not that eyes of men
Our handiwork might view,
But that we'd serve where'er and when
Our duty calls us to.*

*We seek not any worldly fame,
For such can mean but naught
Compared with service in His name,
With human kindness fraught.*

*As we our several paths shall take,
The fight begin anew,
Let not the world our knowledge shake
Of all that's kind and true.*

W. P.



Class History

OLD MAN WINTER had drawn his ermine robe about him and had shivered back to the North Pole, and Spring, sweet Spring, had thrown her flowery garment over our loved land when the first members of our class arrived and saw our future Alma Mater loom up before us.

Yes, mother and dad had consented to our coming. "It was best," and they were behind us, backing us up in our future life's work. Never can we forget how we felt when we entered the doors and rather timidly passed down the corridor. It was with shaking knees that we entered the Instructress of Nurses' office to register, and later to "Maw's" supervision to don those longer dresses and stiff collars. This was our first introduction to "our Maw," but can we ever forget her kind watchfulness and generous help? She has indeed mothered us and helped to ease the pain of the separation from our own mothers.

We did feel strange and out of place at first, because it was rather awkward for us to become accustomed to the long dresses, the "new girls," and worst of all to being called "probes." However, our big sisters took us in and made us feel that we as well as the older girls were a part of the "big home."

The class work became almost as hard as it was in high school and college. Besides, we had to put out some real practical work. Date and "movie" night came only once a week, and was considered a real luxury. Our work absorbed the greater part of our attention, and vacation time was soon here.

With what pleasure we boarded the train for home and a real chat with mother and dad! It was on this vacation more than any other that we found use for all of our high-sounding terms and phrases. My! but we knew worlds about life and medicine. Providence was kind that our pride had no very severe falls about this time. We sensed how proud our parents were of us, and it made us all the more determined to live up to what they expected of us.

In 1926 we boldly entered our intermediate year. The pendulum of time had swung across a whole year, and we were middle classmen. But wait! We went sadly about our daily tasks, for Miss Dickhut and Miss Koonce were leaving and new ones coming to take their places. Oh, my! how we did dread it! But Miss Marshbanks soon assured us that she "wouldn't bite," and we learned to love her. We also remember the happy days spent under Miss Boyette's supervision. Then a few months later



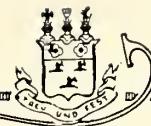
Miss Beeker, who had been with us some time as Supervisor, became our Instructress of Nurses. My! how she did drum first-year anatomy into us from the cranium to the astragalus. She is still at it, but we have learned to love her just the same.

Thus our timidity over at having so many strangers among us, we began boldly to plan initiation of the new girls. Forgetting that last year we needed a friend and someone to cheer poor home-sick freshmen, we frightened our new "poor dears" almost to death. We worked—yes, siree, we did!—but we also had fun at picnics, riding, and doing many other nice things. The time soon passed and we were seniors. Seniors! How dignified it did sound. Were we really seniors, and had the time really passed? How long it had seemed in the beginning, and truly again the pendulum had swung, but we were beginning to see just what a little bit we did know. How we delved into anatomy and drugs! We studied, for we knew now we knew nothing. (Of course this was kept to ourselves, for we sat up in class and tried to look wise. However, Miss Beeker was hard to fool and often pulled one over on us.)

The history of all classes, even our class, is easy to record. But as we look back over our work it is not easy to forget all of the kind, painstaking care our teachers have shown us.

It is to them we owe the knowledge of our profession. At times they may have felt that it wasn't worth while, but to us it has been the very essence of our work, and they truly merit and have our tenderest and sincerest appreciation.

As the time draws near for us to part we bid a loving farewell to all—to each other, fellow students, faculty, and friends, who have so patiently helped us to reach our goal. And as we take up our life's work their example is before us, bidding us reach forward to the bigger, better things in life.



Class Prophecy

IT was the dreariest of drear days, surely, but March had been one bleak, drear mass of days this spring. And on top of it all "the boys" had come down with the measles. Three perfectly healthy, rollicking boys may be a pleasure when they are well, but three "measley" boys are a handful for any mother, whether she be a trained nurse or not; and to make matters worse, their father had never had the measles and was more afraid of it than of—well, "the hinges of Hades."

Oh, how the expression carried me back to my training school days at old Rex, and most of all to "Dr. Abbie," who was wont to make use of that expression on class. That had been fifteen years ago this spring. Such a little while ago, but fifteen years can be a long time and many funny things can happen in such a span of time. In fact, Titus and three boys had happened, and he was funny enough to tickle a goat.

Oh, well, life will be life, no matter how you take it. I got up to take a peep at my reflection in the mirror, when the whistle of the postman sounded. There was only one letter, and to my surprise it was from Miss Marshbanks, inviting me to an "at home" for commencement. She was enclosing the names (present names) and addresses of my classmates, and wanted me to write each of them to be sure to be there.

I quickly glanced over the list, and to my wondering surprise I found only two that were unchanged—Miss Johnson and Miss Bennett. Well, of all things! Again life was funny, for if I remembered correctly they were the very two who had had more dates than any of us. Oh, well, I guess by having dates one finds them out before it is too late.

You may be sure I lost no time in writing my classmates, and could scarcely await their answers.

The first one came from Tucker, and after that I was prepared for anything. Yes, she would surely be with us, as she had no family ties to keep her at home. It seems that she had taken a famous treatment which had helped her to lose weight until she weighed only 120 pounds at the time she married. But her husband was in the chocolate candy business, and she quickly regained all that she lost. He refused to let her have any more candy, and she had left him. She was very happy, for with the alimony she was still able to afford all the candy she wanted. She also accepted the invitation for Mrs. Vaughan, who lives with her, but is away now with little Stanly, the second. Oh, but it took all the imagination I had to see Mrs. Vaughan as a grandmother.



The next letter I had was written in a stiff Spencerian hand. I was all curiosity until I had it opened and found it signed "Mabel Spivey Sharpe." It seemed that she and her "hubby" were financing and running an exclusive orphanage on the home plan for red-headed children. She said that Emma Bennett, the county nurse, would be glad to take charge while she was away. Now, wasn't that just like Spivey to be always jumping at conclusions? I was rather relieved to find a letter in the next mail from Miss Bennett telling me about her work and that she would let nothing interfere with her being there.

I hadn't had so much mail in years, but it was a real joy to have a letter from Miss Pearce, as she used to be, and even Miss Barbour. Even Miss Marshbanks had been mistaken about Miss Barbour, and she is still a bachelor maid, despite the fact she has been engaged thirteen times. She was with Pearce, whose husband is a prosperous groceryman. They are helping her with her plans for the wedding, which will come off in plenty of time for her to bring him with her. Goodness, I hope she gets him this time!

Dear me! and who is this thick letter from but my old roommate and pal, Mayes, who is in Philadelphia taking a special course in massage! To be sure, she could come, and is going to remain in Raleigh, as she says she has accepted a position as masseuse with "HE" and his partners.

The next letter was from another of my roommates, Miss Berry, dear old Berry. She is making a great success as company sales manager for our own Doctor Lawrence, who has just completed the most talked-about book on surgery. He says a great deal of the success of the sales is owing to Berry's good management.

After waiting a week I was rather worried that I hadn't heard from Johnnie, or Miss Crowder, and decided I would write again. But just as I had planned, received a telegram: "Sure be with you. Crowder and I just back from Europe. So seasick unable to let you hear before. Love. Johnnie."

I drew a sigh of relief to think we were all to be together again. I would certainly have to ask Titus for some money. Wonder what he thinks I run this home on, anyway—much less dress myself on. But nevertheless all was "set for the picnic," and I was thrilled.



The Giftorian

CAN it be true that we, the eleven devoted sisters, have almost come to the end of what we thought in the beginning a long and rugged trail?

As I turn back a few leaves of life's history and glance over thrilling times we have spent together on the wards, answering calls, putting together snowy white beds, and giving the inevitable pills, then, off duty, going on hay-rides, picnics, dances—and, of course, we must not forget our chicken fry—I find that three years spent happily as we have spent them can be a mighty short length of time, especially when they lead to an honored and helpful profession.

Of course, we could not think of forgetting; but, lest we should forget, here are a few little gifts that I have purchased, one for each member of the class. I have inscribed an imaginary word on each of the packages—Remember.

First in line comes our own Miss Tucker. (Let us say that it's to her credit that the doctors never got hold of her when they were trying to tuck in an appendix.) You are the oldest and yet the baby of our class. You have guided and directed us well, and there is a place in our hearts that none other can fill. I am presenting to you this chocolate baby doll, which you must treat as a baby and remember your baby days are over.

"Johnnie," your training school days are over, and while we know you hate to leave your Alma Mater, we rejoice that you will soon be able to have reached your highest aspiration—life on the "briny deep" with Robert. Realizing that a brother is sometimes preoccupied, I have purchased you this little ship for your own sole and separate use. Now go find you a sailor "braw and bonny" and sail the "watery deep."

Now here comes Mrs. Vaughan. For you I have the daintiest pair of men's shoes to be found in Raleigh or the near-by cities. I hope they will give you lots of pleasure and comfort. My only stipulation is, use them at the next dance.

Miss Crump, I must admit that you are always dressed by the time I get up in the mornings. I have often wondered what you will do when you get out of training and no longer have "Maw's" bell to wake you. I am giving you this "Big Ben," so that you will always have time to arrange and braid your hair before going on duty.

Miss Mayes, while I was on the dressing carriage, between Dr. Freeman's grumbling and Dr. Lawrence's rush, I worked out this solution of



mercurochrome, which I hope will greatly reduce your expenses for lipstick. For me it has proven kiss-proof. (A hint to the wise is sufficient.)

Miss Berry, I spent long hours wondering what you would appreciate more than anything else from your classmates; but knowing that the widower had everything that your heart could wish for, I was truly puzzled. At last I could think of nothing that would suit you better than this purse. Take it, and insist that he keep it filled; for we know that your idea of married bliss revolves on a well-filled purse.

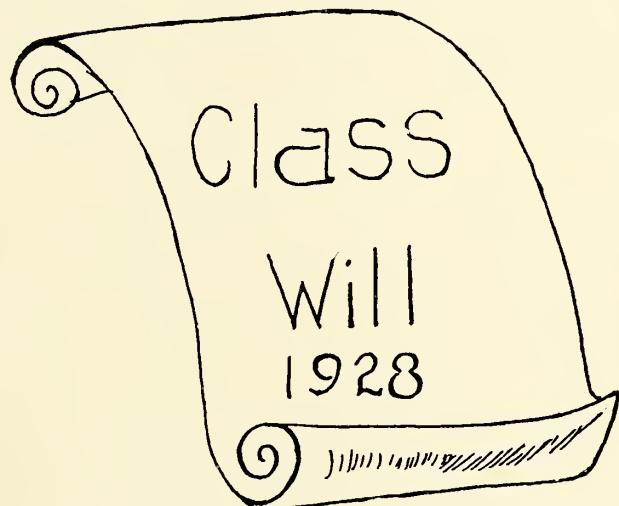
Miss Spivey, your training has taught you one thing at least: that when objects are broken or torn, adhesive is one of the best methods of mending the harm done. Realizing that you are noted for having broken more hearts than any girl in the school, I am presenting you with this roll of adhesive. So far as I know, adhesive has not been used on the heart; but perhaps you can use it with some degree of success and remedy a few of these bleeding organisms. Then perhaps if you find it successful you may get out a patent, and yet live to be a wealthy old maid.

Miss Pearce, one day in France I chanced on a little shop of ancient drugs. There I found this little portion of very expensive rose water. It is a portion of that celebrated drug used by Alice-in-Wonderland, which enabled her to pass through the keyhole. However, this remedy is a more modern length reducer. I don't believe you will find it bad to take, but beware of drinking too much, as we don't want you slipping through a key-hole and away from our hearts forever.

Miss Bennett, you are always thinking about your appearance and wondering if there is anything you could do to improve the impression you make on other people; so I am presenting you with this little mirror, which, if used carefully, will be of great assistance. The only fear I have is that you may be tempted to use it too frequently. Let us add: drink not too deeply of the Assyrian springs.

Miss Barbour, we know the depth of your worries for this year. At times we may not have seemed sympathetic, but we really were, at heart. This little package that I am handing you may buy you happiness. It is an expensive, exquisitely perfumed hair dye. Use it where you think it is most needed, and my only admonition is, use it with discretion.

The NIGHTINGALE





The Last Will and Testament

NORTH CAROLINA—Wake County,
Raleigh, N. C.

We, the members of the Senior Class of Rex Hospital, having come to "the parting of the ways," and realizing that commencement is here, do hereby in this our Last Will and Testament make known our desires concerning the dispensation of our few worldly possessions, which we hope will survive us long after we have departed from this institutional life.

SECTION I

ARTICLE 1. To the Board of Trustees, who through untiring effort have shaped and moulded the ideals of our Alma Mater, we desire to extend our lifelong esteem and appreciation for all that they have meant to our institution, to our class, and to each of us individually.

ARTICLE 2. To the Staff, who have so liberally fostered us, we wish to make grateful acknowledgment of all they have given us. We thank them for their kindly interest and for all the help they have extended to us throughout our Training School days.

ARTICLE 3. To Miss Marshbanks we leave a certain highly esteemed bachelor, who came into our lives recently. As special guardians of this trust we do hereby appoint Miss Katheryn Tucker and Miss Jennie Watson Pearce. We furthermore wish to bequeath to Miss Marshbanks our undying devotion and a place in our "heart of hearts" none other can fill.

ARTICLE 4. To our beloved Miss Beeker we leave our lifelong devotion, gratitude, and appreciation for her helpful interest. We gratefully acknowledge the many ways she has assisted us, and especially in our preparation for the State Board.

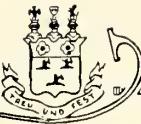
ARTICLE 5. To Mrs. Atkinson, our "Maw," who has mothered us these three short years, we leave a love which has been and will always be one of the most sacred memories of our Training School days.

ARTICLE 6. To the Supervisors we wish to extend our kindest regards and the wish that in life each may be able to realize her fondest dreams for happiness and success.

SECTION II

ARTICLE 1. To the incoming Senior Class we wish to leave all lately acquired dignity and self-possession, along with the numerous

The NIGHTINGALE



beaux we are unable to take with us. To their lot also will fall our black bands and the right to "set the pace" for the following classes.

- ARTICLE 2. To the Sophomores we leave the right of devotion to a certain faculty member and two years of class work.
- ARTICLE 3. We wish to leave to the Freshman Class the privilege of remaining green as long as they may wish, and then the permission to acquire knowledge as rapidly as their craniums will admit.

SECTION III

- ARTICLE 1. Miss Tucker wishes to leave her symmetrical figure to Miss Brown, whom we consider sadly in need of some adipose tissue.
- ARTICLE 2. Miss Johnson leaves her fair blond "corkscrew" locks to Miss Wimberly.
- ARTICLE 3. Mrs. Vaughan leaves her wedding ring to Miss Mary Rivers, with the hope that in after years it may help to fill an "aching void."
- ARTICLE 4. Miss Crump leaves her ability to play the piano to Miss Singleton.
- ARTICLE 5. Miss Berry leaves her highly exaggerated preference for elderly sheiks to Miss Baker, with the admonition that she will find them nicer in the long run than college boys.
- ARTICLE 6. Miss Spivey wishes to leave her brilliant locks and excellent ability to keep them in place to Miss Haddon.
- ARTICLE 7. Miss Mayes wishes to bequeath her avowed spinsterhood and hatred of all mankind to Miss Poole.
- ARTICLE 8. Miss Crowder wishes to leave her gentleness of manner and inability to love more than one boy at a time to Miss Blalock.
- ARTICLE 9. Miss Pearce leaves her much coveted rouge to Miss Grady.
- ARTICLE 10. Miss Barbour leaves her preference for anything "Red" to Miss Wright.
- ARTICLE 11. Miss Bennett leaves her various and sundry beaux to all other members of our Training School whom we have failed to mention.

We hereby appoint Stanley Vaughan, son of our own Mrs. Vaughan, sole executor of this our Last Will and Testament, urging the absolute observance of these our final wishes.

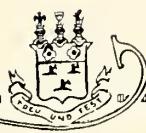
Whereunto we set our hand and seal on this the fourteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

CLASS 1928,
Testator.



SENIOR SNAPS

The NIGHTINGALE



SENIOR SNAPS

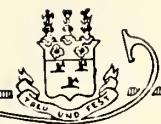


The NIGHTINGALE



SENIOR SNAPS

The NIGHTINGALE



Juniors

CLASS COLORS: *Lavender and Yellow*

FLOWER: *Yellow Pernet Rose*

MOTTO:

Labor Omnia Vincet

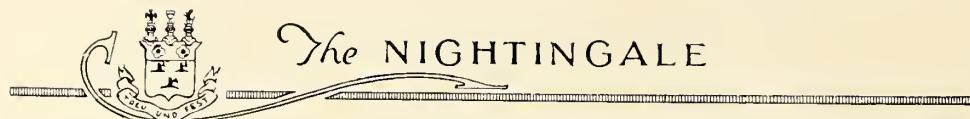


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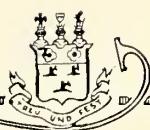


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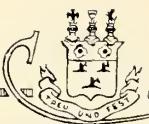




The NIGHTINGALE



JUNIOR SNAPS



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JUNIOR SNAPS

The NIGHTINGALE



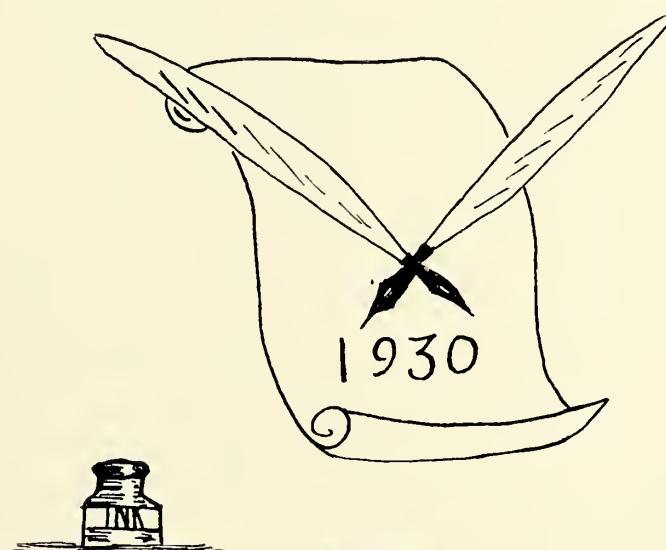
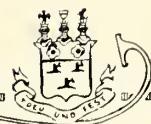
JUNIOR SNAPS



*The Rex Hospital Pin
represents*

the coat of arms of the Rex family. It was adopted at the old home in Saxony and is still preserved by the Rex family in Pennsylvania. The motto underneath the crest is composed of three German words, "Treu und fest," signifying "True and steadfast." The colors are red, orange, and yellow.

The NIGHTINGALE



Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Old Rose and Silver*

FLOWER: *The Rose*

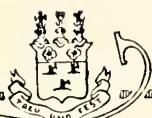
MOTTO:

Esse Quam Videri



CLASS OF 1930

The NIGHTINGALE

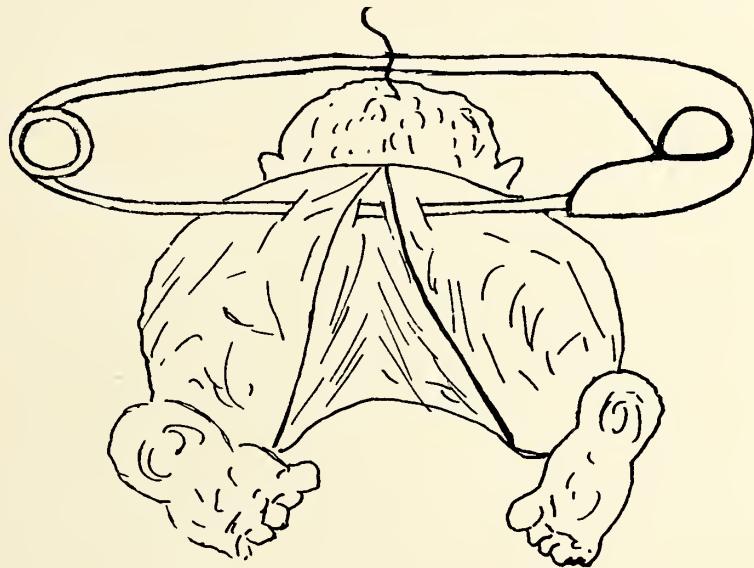


SOPHOMORE SNAPS

The NIGHTINGALE



SOPHOMORE SNAPS



Freshmen

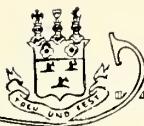




First Aid

WHAT WOULD YOU DO if you saw—

- Dr. Campbell not asking questions.
- Dr. Paul Neal illustrated.
- Dr. Abernethy saying "Dam-mit."
- Dr. West carrying a red umbrella.
- Miss Spivey with black hair.
- Miss Bennett in a hurry.
- Miss Berry wanting a date.
- Dr. Lawrence not wanting to operate on holidays.
- Dr. Carroll forgetting to say, "Now, the next young lady."
- Dr. Freeman spending the week-end in Raleigh.
- Miss Poole forgetting to talk about Harvey.
- Dr. Goodwin without his bouquet.
- Miss Marshbanks having a date.
- Dr. Royster not carrying his point.
- Dr. Gibson not blubbering.
- Dr. Bell not acting the gentleman.
- Miss Crump with bobbed hair.
- Miss Pearce forgetting her sarcasm.
- Dr. Wilkins married.
- Miss Becker controlling her feelings at a death-bed.
- Miss Johnson serious.
- Miss Tucker sick on chocolate candy.
- Dr. Lane masculine.
- Dr. Eldridge thinking he knows it all.
- Dr. K. Neal forgetting his *sisterhood*.
- Dr. Watson walking a straight line.
- Miss Richards with her dress below her knees.
- Miss Cardiff in a uniform the least bit wrinkled.
- Dr. McKee in love.
- Mrs. Vaughan not complaining.
- Dr. Ward getting anywhere on time.
- Dr. Thompson speaking distinctly.
- Miss Walton untidy.
- Miss Blalock pleasant.
- Miss Whitney reduced to 99 pounds.
- Dr. C. B. Wilkerson forgetting to say "Hello, sweet."
- Dr. Dewar keeping up with his belongings.
- Miss Boykin not giggling.
- Dr. Turner irritable.
- Dr. Judd forgetting his "greetings."
- Dr. Wright using sponge forceps.
- Dr. Root and Dr. Bugg failing to agree.
- All doctors as agreeable as Dr. McGee.



The Hospital Flower

The Dorothy Perkins Rose !
Within its folds enclose
A fragrance sweet and rare,
And petals tinted pink
At once make one think
Of God's heanities to us laid here.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose !
As it flourishes and grows,
While the zephyrs gently caress it,
Teaches heauty and grace
Are always in place;
And the bebolden can only bless it.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose !
A secret must disclose—
This: it blossom in a cluster,
The single beauties combined as one.
For success we, too, must muster
Our aims and efforts till we've won.

NORA PARKS MIMS



MISS F. VIRGINIA MARSHBANKS, R.N.

*Superintendent of Hospital
MARS HILL, N.C.*

MISS GLADYS W. BEEKER, R.N.

*Instructress of Nurses
STATESVILLE, N.C.*

The NIGHTINGALE



MISS JANE CARDIFF, R.N.
Historian
Flint, Michigan

MISS VELMA WHITNEY, R.N.
Anesthetist
Boston, Mass.

MISS FRANCES WELSH
Instructress in Dietetics
Mississippi

MISS RUTH HASKETT, R.N.
Floor Supervisor
Hertford, N. C.

MRS. MARY ATKINSON
"Maw"
Matron Nurses' Home
Alexandria, La.

MISS GERTRUDE ROYSTER
Instructress in Massage
Raleigh, N. C.

MISS RUTH BOYETTE, R.N.
Operating Room Supervisor
Southport, N. C.

MRS. CARRIE ISLER, R.N.
Laboratory and X-Ray Technician
Kinston, N. C.



Celebrities as They Impress Us

MISS TUCKER	<i>Chocolate candy</i>
MISS BROWN	<i>Dickie bird</i>
MISS BAKER	<i>A flapper</i>
MISS J. PEARCE	<i>A moon-mender</i>
MISS BERRY	<i>A sheik</i>
MISS MAYES	<i>Modesty</i>
MISS SPIVEY	<i>Sarcasm</i>
MISS T. PEARCE	<i>A witch</i>
MISS BYRD	<i>The better half of "Mack"</i>
MISS JOHNSON	<i>As a "Hill"</i>
MISS McCAIN	<i>Striving to overcome the difficulties of speech</i>
MRS. VAUGHAN	<i>? ? ?</i>
MISS CROWDER	<i>Venus</i>
MISS BARBOUR	<i>A dear</i>
MISS SMITH	<i>A butterfly</i>
MISS WALTON	<i>Slow, but sure</i>
MISS POPLIN	<i>A "go get him"</i>
MISS CRUMP	<i>"As it pleases me"</i>
MISS LANGSTON	<i>Speed</i>

The NIGHTINGALE



Mr. W. S. Cox
BUSINESS MANAGER

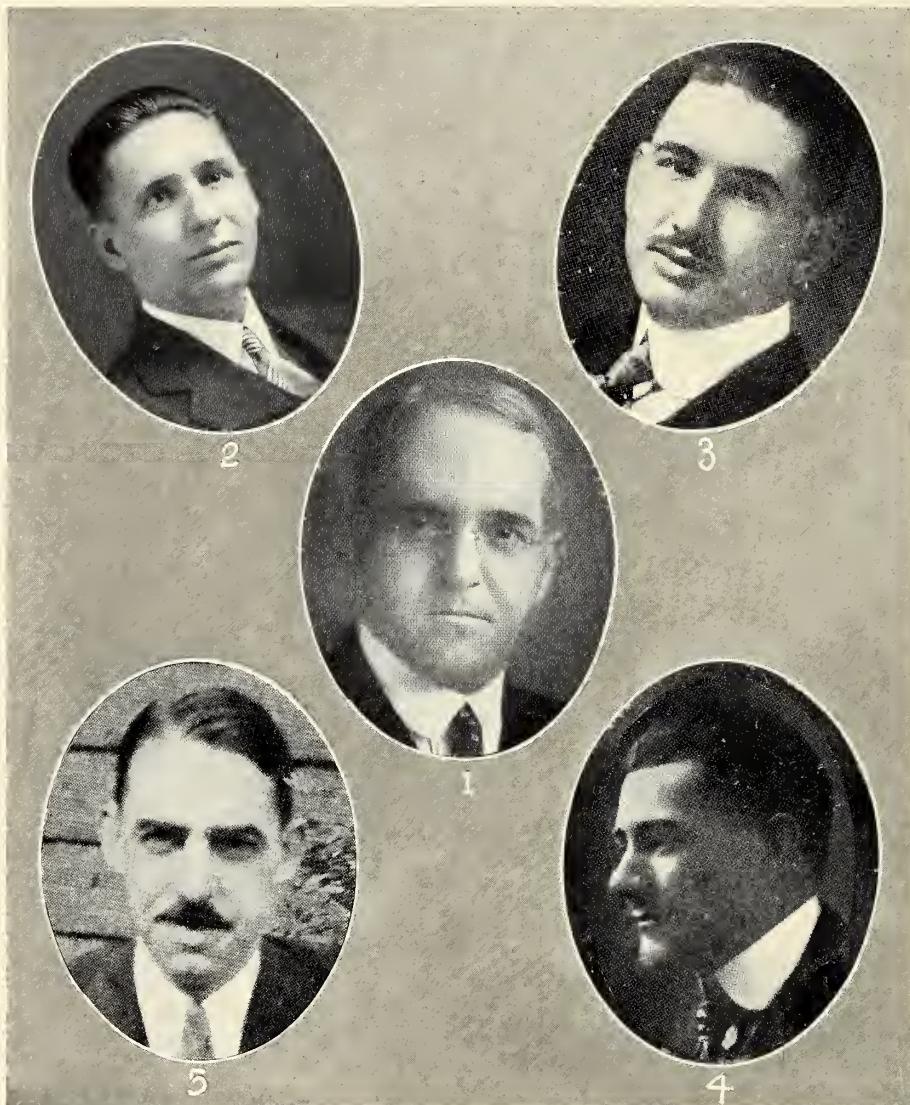


Mrs. Martha S. Pace
BOOKKEEPER



Miss Margaret Swain
ASST. BOOKKEEPER

BUSINESS STAFF



(2) DR. K. P. NEAL
Professor of Anatomy and Physiology

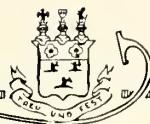
(3) DR. F. N. NEAL
Professor of Materia Medicæ

(1) DR. H. A. ROYSTER
Professor of Surgical Nursing

(5) DR. CHAS. G. BUGG
Professor of Pediatrics

(4) DR. CARL W. BELL
Professor of Contagious and Infectious Diseases

The NIGHTINGALE



(2) DR. L. N. WEST
Professor of E., E., N., and T. Nursing

(3) DR. H. A. THOMPSON
Professor of Orthopedics

(1) DR. D. D. CARROLL
Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology

(5) DR. C. O. ABERNETHY
Professor of Skin Diseases

(4) DR. BEBBIE LANE
Professor of Mental Diseases



The NIGHTINGALE



The NIGHTINGALE

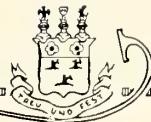




The NIGHTINGALE



The NIGHTINGALE



Dr. V.S. Caviness



Dr. J.R. Lowery



Dr. C.J. Edwards



Dr. A.W. Goodwin



Library Service

THE Library service of Rex Hospital was started by the Olivia Raney Library on Tuesday, April 3, 1928, the librarians making the rounds once a week on Tuesday morning, collecting then the books left the week before and issuing new ones, as many as the patient feels able to read. The truck goes into private rooms and wards alike, passing by only the rooms where the patients are too ill to be disturbed.

A special room has been arranged for the storing of the hospital library.



The Story of John Rex And the Founding of Rex Hospital

Extracts from an oration by HON. R. H. BATTLE in 1908
Edited by Hubert A. Royster, M.D.

IN THE OLD CEMETERY, near its front on East Street, the original eastern boundary of the city, is a box-tomb covered with a marble slab on which is to be found the following inscription:

“IN MEMORY OF JOHN REX

“A NATIVE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND ONE OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN RALEIGH, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 29TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1839, AGE 74 YEARS. HE SUSTAINED THROUGH LIFE THE CHARACTER OF AN HONEST AND INDUSTRIOUS MAN, AND AT HIS DEATH HE DEVOTED THE FRUITS OF HIS INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY TO PURPOSES OF BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.”

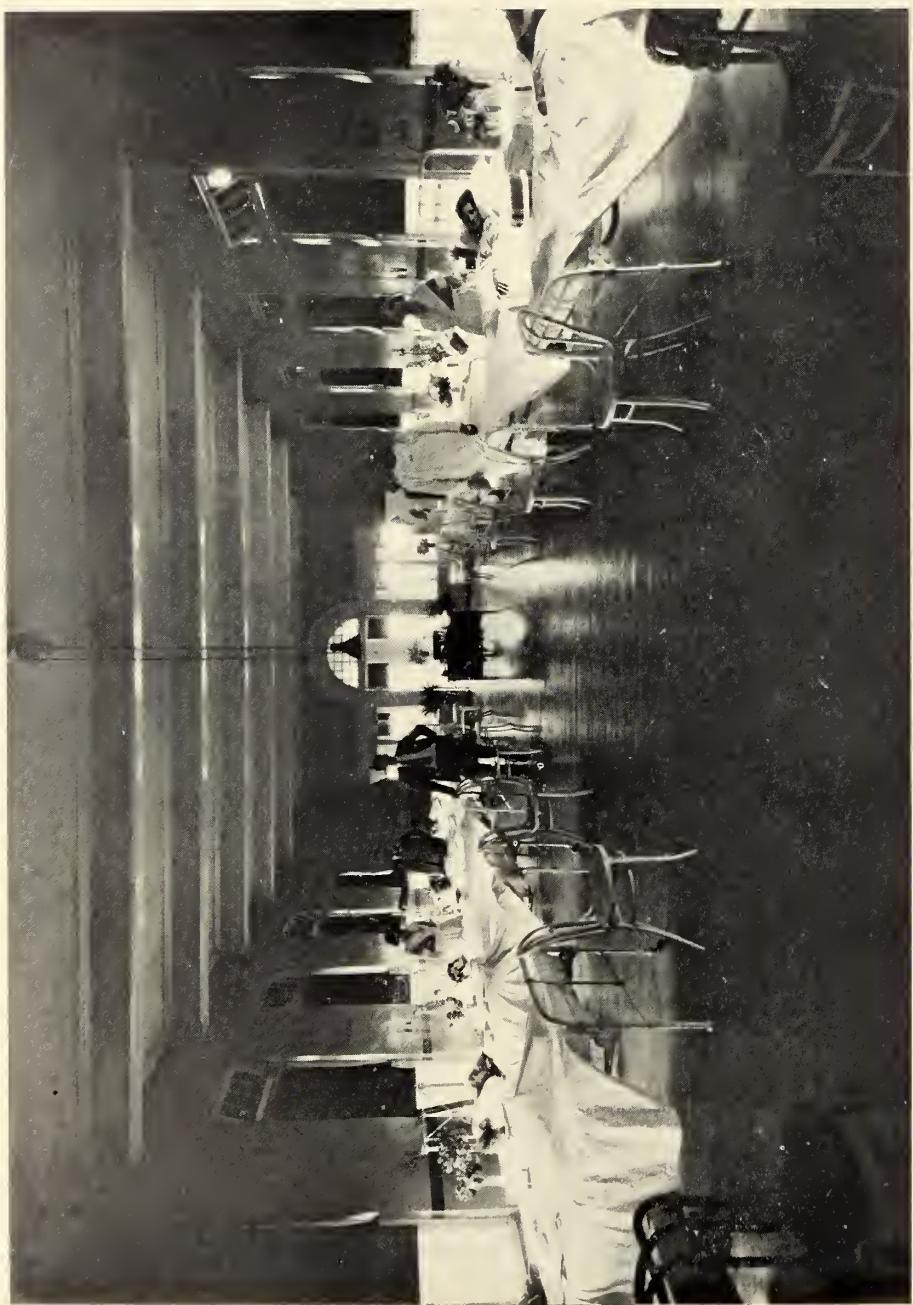
There is no person living, after the three score and ten years intervening since his death, who can tell us more of the life and character of this man, who was perhaps the greatest benefactor of this city in its life of over a century.

That he was an unobtrusive man, who did not seek notoriety, appears from the brief notice of his death, to be found in the column of deaths of the issue of the “Weekly Raleigh Register and Gazette” of February 5, 1839, which read:

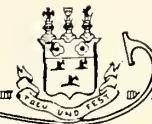
“Died, in this city, on Wednesday last, John Rex, an old and respectable citizen.”

But in the issue of the week following it appears that his will had been admitted to probate, and the public is informed of what he had done for his fellowman. It states that he had died a bachelor, and given his entire estate in North Carolina to Duncan Cameron and George W. Mordecai, who were leaders in the financial circles of this section, and whom he had appointed executors and trustees—in trust, first, to pay his debts, then to provide for the manumission of his slaves, seventeen in number, and their removal, under the auspices of the African Colonization Society, and their establishment in a colony in Africa; and then to turn over the residue of his estate, with twenty-one acres of land on the western boundary of the

WOMEN'S WARD



The NIGHTINGALE

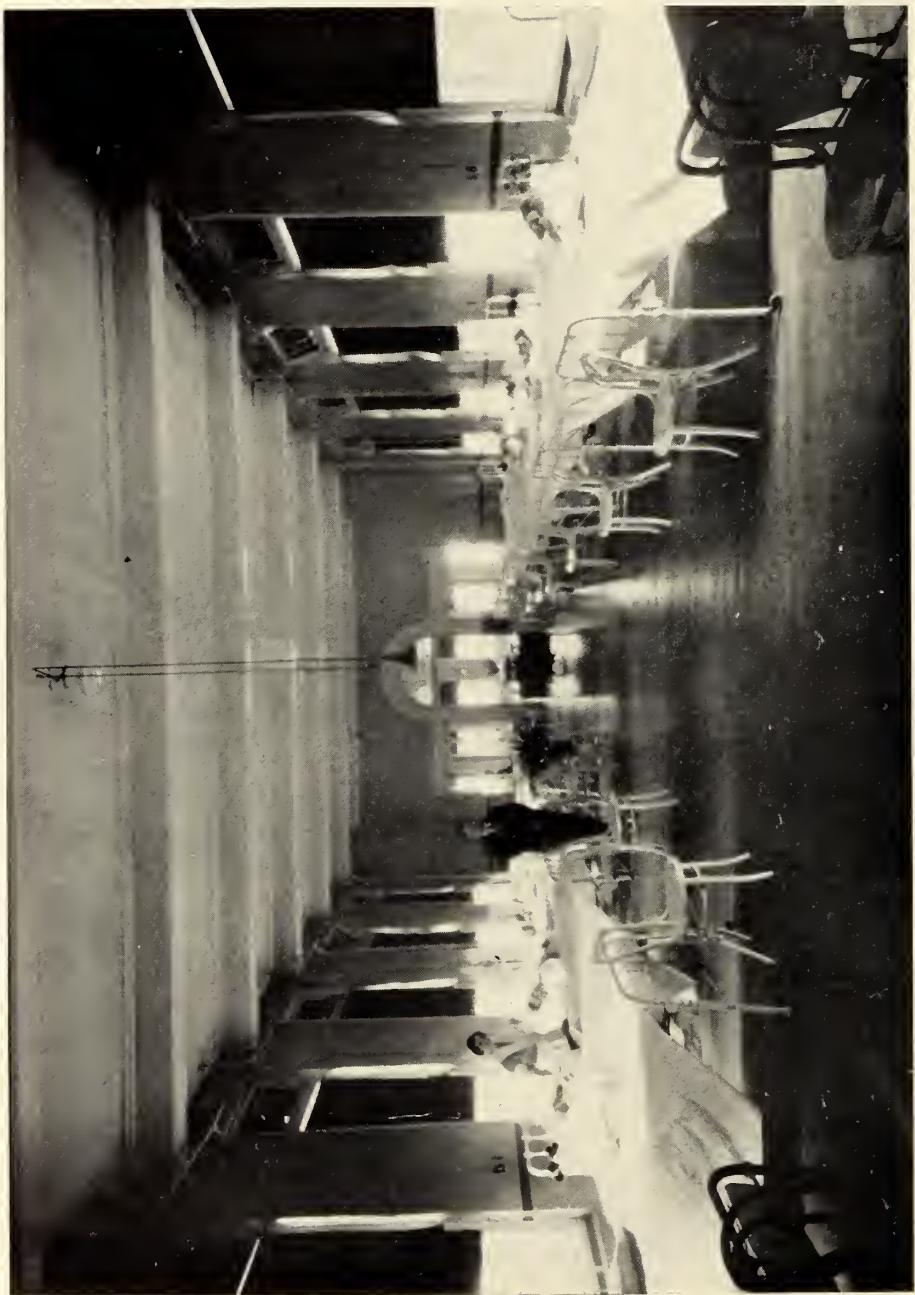


city, to trustees for the establishment of a hospital "for the sick and afflicted poor of the city of Raleigh." With an apology for the brief announcement of the week before, the notice concludes: "John Rex was one of those unobtrusive, modest men who pursue, undisturbed, the even tenor of their way, content with discharging the duty they owe to society, and studiously avoiding public notoriety."

It does not appear just when John Rex came to Raleigh, but a deed recorded in the Register's office of this county shows that on September 18, 1799, he bought 264 acres of land on House's Creek, Wake County. This was just seven years after the city was laid off in squares and lots; and as he must have taken some time in selecting the plantation, it is fair to infer that his tombstone speaks the truth in saying he was "one of the earliest settlers in Raleigh." That deed and another for 265 acres of land, dated February 16, 1802, show that he could not have come to the new city a penniless adventurer, but must have been of the class of immigrants who are of advantage to any community. His will, which was written in November before his death, shows that he belonged to a family of more than usually prosperous people, and that when he left his native home he owned, or had acquired since, a tract of fifty acres of land in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, which with the buildings on it was of such consequence that it was known as the "Broad Axe Tavern." And the will recites that his near relatives were advanced in life and in comfortable circumstances, and needed nothing he was able to give them; therefore he had (to use his own language) "determined to dispose of the estate which it has pleased God to bestow on me, in a long life of labor and economy, in the way which accords with my own judgment and will most extensively promote the welfare of others." So he proceeds to dispose of his whole estate, with the exception of the Broad Axe Tavern, which he gives to a namesake, the son of a distant relative in Pennsylvania, in charity, as has been stated. That he was not an abolitionist in principle is indicated by the fact that, though the will provides for the manumission of his slaves, a clause is added that, if any of them refuse to be taken to Africa, they shall be sold and the funds arising from the sale used for the benefit of those who go.

It does not appear whether he had any church affiliations, or that he was buried with religious services; but supposing he had the naming of his slaves, of which a list is given in the will, we may infer from the names of Abraham and Sampson, Asa and Benjamin, Hagar and Ruth, Martha and Sunday, that he was a reader of the Bible and had respect for the Christian Sabbath. Whether he was accustomed to attend the preaching of the Gospel or not, his deliberate disposition of his worldly possessions leads us to believe that he had imbibed the essence of the teaching of the Master, to wit, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

MEN'S WARD



The NIGHTINGALE



In the second notice of Mr. Rex's death, in the paper, he is spoken of as a tanner. Whether that had always been his business we do not know; but tradition says his tanyard was just north of the original city limits, and the parcel on which is now to be seen, some fifty yards west of the Seaboard yards, a clear spring, formerly called Rex's Spring, was purchased by him April 5, 1826.

The tract of twenty-one acres, devised for a site for the future hospital, was bought in two parcels, in 1813 and 1817, respectively. It is said that he died in a little red house of two rooms on this tract.

John Rex's estate seems to have been worth at the time of his death, including the slaves at an average value of four or five hundred dollars each (a conservative estimate), about twenty-five thousand dollars, a handsome estate then, in this section. Upon settlement of their accounts by the executors it was found that after the sale of the personal property, other than the slaves, and the realty other than the twenty-one acres devised to the hospital, the estate, after payment of debts, funeral expenses, charges of administration, etc., amounted to \$14,850.50.

The General Assembly of 1840-41 passed an act chartering a corporation to be known as the "Trustees of Rex Hospital," which was to be managed by five citizens of Raleigh, to be nominated by the commissioners, or aldermen, of the city for appointment by the Supreme Court of the State, and vacancies were to be filled and are now filled in like manner. Thereupon a petition was filed in the Supreme Court for the appointment of five persons named as trustees, to provide for carrying out the purposes of the will of John Rex and the provisions of the charter, and to authorize the trustees to receive the funds intended for the hospital from the executors. A decree was rendered accordingly. The executors paid to the trustees \$10,300.67 in good bonds of individuals; but of this \$698.61 was afterwards ordered to be turned over to supply a deficiency in the fund intended for the colonization of the slaves in Africa, leaving a net balance of \$9,602.06. The amount used for the transportation of the Negroes to Liberia was about \$5,400.

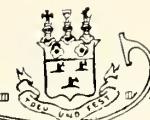
The five trustees first appointed in 1841 were William H. Battle, William Peace, Thomas J. Lemay, James Litchford, and Richard Smith. Mr. Battle had recently been made a judge of the Superior Court; Mr. Peace was a retired merchant and afterwards founder of Peace Institute; Mr. Litchford was a merchant tailor; Mr. Lemay was the accomplished editor of the "Raleigh Star," and Mr. Smith was a merchant and Raleigh's wealthiest citizen. It can be truthfully said that they were leading citizens of our then little city.

The hospital fund, invested and reinvested until April, 1861, was then reported as amounting to \$35,262.14 in stocks of the Bank of the State and

CHILDREN'S WARD



The NIGHTINGALE



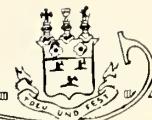
Bank of Cape Fear and bonds of individuals. During the War Between the States those bonds were nearly all collected and invested in State bonds, some of the issue from 1862 to 1864, and Confederate bonds and stock scrip. Most of the funds became worthless by results of the war. The trustees realized what they could from the old State bonds, and invested and reinvested the proceeds in bonds secured by mortgage, except a few hundred dollars which they expended in building a small house on the grounds devised for the hospital. This house, with such of the land as was fit for cultivation, was rented and something more realized from year to year than was needed to keep the fences and house in repair, and the net rent was added to the invested fund. By 1893 the solvent securities had increased to about \$30,000, and it was suggested by the city authorities that if the trustees would provide a suitable hospital, the city would provide a supplementary income of \$2,000 annually from its treasury, so that the intended charity could be made effectual. The offer was approved, and the trustees proceeded to look into the matter of providing a hospital building. The land devised for the purpose, which lies some distance south of the North Carolina Railroad and extends to Rocky Branch, with a ravine running through it, into which was drained much of the surface water from that end of the city, was pronounced by some of our leading physicians as objectionable on hygienic grounds for the location of a hospital. Upon application of the trustees, a committee of the State Board of Health was then appointed to view the premises and determine whether they were objectionable as a place for the treatment of the sick. The committee, upon careful examination, unanimously condemned the location. The trustees thereupon resolved, with the approval of the city government, to sell the land and establish a hospital at a more suitable place. The land, by permission of the court, was sold in parcels from time to time and brought a net aggregate of about \$6,000.

St. John's Guild, a charitable organization of the Episcopal churches in Raleigh, supported entirely by contributions, had bought the old Manly mansion, with something over an acre of land, on South Street, the present location of the hospital, and was conducting hospital work there; but realizing that the city was not large enough to support two charity hospitals, the Guild proposed to sell to the trustees of Rex Hospital. On August 4, 1893, the sale was made, at the low price of \$4,500, the amount of the obligations of St. John's Guild on account of the property. The old building was then repaired and an annex of two stories for colored patients was erected. The work was organized, matron and nurses engaged, and the hospital opened for patients May 1, 1894. The Raleigh Academy of Medicine agreed to give their services to charity patients, in committees of four to serve in rotation, two months at a time. That has been kept up by the

THE NURSERY



The NIGHTINGALE



Hospital Board and the present staff. In consideration of the contribution of the city, the trustees agreed, in addition to the indigent sick of Raleigh, to care for such patients, whether of the city or elsewhere, as in emergency might be sent to the hospital by the Mayor or Chief of Police.

In 1896, at the request of some of the physicians who had been giving their services to charity patients, an annex of eight rooms was built for pay patients. The trustees were persuaded that the income from these patients would conduce to the benefit of the charity patients. The operating room was furnished by some charitable women, known as the "Ladies' Hospital Aid Association." Not long thereafter the Ministering Circle of King's Daughters, another organization of charitable women, supplied money for an annex of one room on the opposite of the building for a children's ward, and for some time they partly supported a cot in that ward. Soon after the erection of this ward Colonel and Mrs. Benehan Cameron gave to the hospital six shares of stock in the North Carolina Railroad Company, as a partial endowment of a bed in memory of Paul Carrington Cameron, their infant son, who had recently died. Since then Mrs. Pauline Cameron Shepard gave a legacy of \$2,000 to the corporation; later Mrs. Charles H. Belvin, a niece of another great benefactor of the city, Mr. R. S. Pullen, bequeathed to the hospital bonds of near the value of \$4,000, to which her husband added \$1,000, for an endowment. The trustees further received a legacy of \$1,500 under the will of Mrs. Lucy C. Capehart, to be used in the erection of a memorial to her mother, to be known as "The Lucy Williams Boddie Moore Memorial."

The main body of the hospital building, which had been erected about seventy years ago, was getting in bad condition and required frequent repairs; and in fact the entire hospital was becoming antiquated and far inferior to the requirements of a city of the size and importance of Raleigh. The trustees therefore determined, with the approval of the city government, to remove the old buildings and erect on their site a modern and convenient brick building.

The cornerstone of the new building was laid with appropriate Masonic ceremonies in 1908, and the building was opened for the reception of patients in September, 1909. During the nine months required for the erection of the new building the hospital was housed in an old residence on Glenwood Avenue. The addition of one more building, the purchase of a nurses' home, and needed improvements in the building already erected have brought the plant up to its present condition.

OPERATING ROOM



CLASSROOM

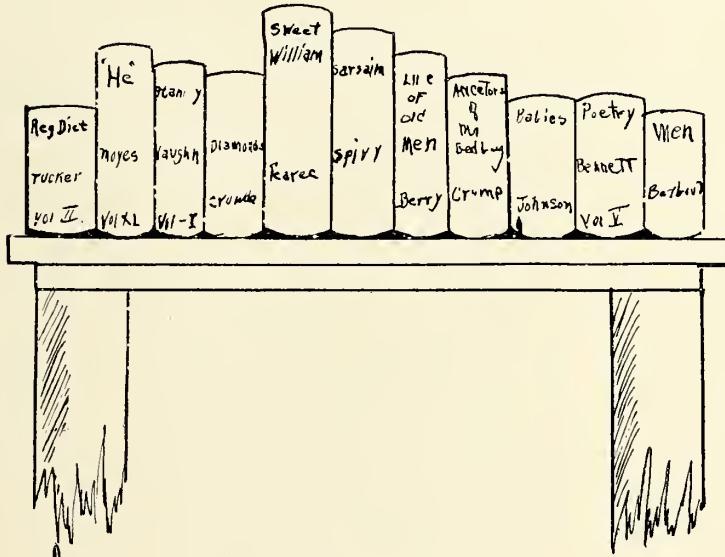


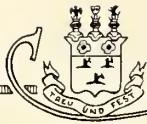


DINING ROOM



Statistics





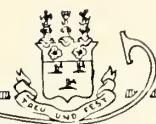
The NIGHTINGALE



Most Graceful

Eighty

The NIGHTINGALE



PRETTIEST

Eighty-one



BEST SPORT

Eighty-two

The NIGHTINGALE



BEST ALL ROUND

Eighty-three



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Eighty-four

The NIGHTINGALE



DAINTIEST

Eighty-five



VERSATILITY

The NIGHTINGALE



CHARM

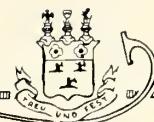
Eighty-seven



MOST SINCERE

Eighty-eight

The NIGHTINGALE

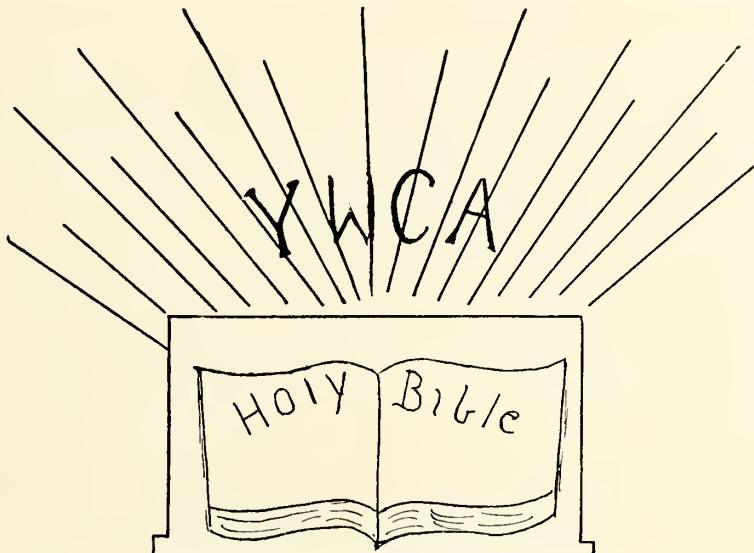
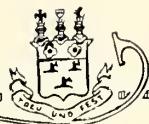


BEST NATURED

Eighty-nine



The NIGHTINGALE





Y. W. C. A.

ALTHOUGH an active interest has been shown in Y. W. C. A. work for about five years, the Rex Hospital group was not definitely organized until October, 1926. The main purpose, at this time, was to bring the girls into closer fellowship with each other and to round out the life of the school, emphasizing the spiritual element.

The first step after organizing was to start a Bible study class, conducted by Miss Alice Laidlaw, secretary of the Raleigh "Y.W." Besides these classes, we often had social hour.

The new organization has not yet reached the achievements that are its aims, but it has brought us into closer contact with outside interests, and has, we hope, created more of an interest in spiritual things.



Y.W.C.A.

The NIGHTINGALE



MR. MIMS (WITH FAMILY)
who has assisted us so faithfully in the advertising department



The NIGHTINGALE

Children's Ward Night Duty

Children's Ward Night Duty!
My! What a pill!
I'd rather be put in a barrel
And sent spinning down hill.

Of all creepy places,
This is one of the worst.
I draw up and scrooch up
'Till I fear I will burst.

Sometimes I'd like to nod,
For, oh, my eyes do hurt,
When, hark!—a strange noise
Which leaves me all ajerk.

The radiator cracks:
The mice begin to gnaw,
I'm first about to freeze
And then about to thaw.

One night I heard an awful sound,
Grew worse just all the while,
And when I found out what it was
'Twould make a tomcat smile.

That was a good lesson
I ought never to forget,
But I'm the most forgetful person
You've ever seen, I'll bet.

I still hear funny noises,
And will until the end,
Unless someone will stay with me
And prove I have a friend.

A. G. B.

Here's to the Nurses

You make it like home to the fellow away
And sick all the time, by night and by day;
You fix up the flowers the people bring in,
And keep them so beautiful, too, and then
You come to the bedside so often along,
As cheerful as birds of the morning with song—
To smooth up the pillows, to straighten the bed,
To see if one's thirsty or properly fed.
To say a kind word, to lend a sweet smile—
And so it's like home to me all of the while.

And here's to the nurses (Please take it from
me):

You're in the best service that women could be—
You help a poor fellow who's sick, with a sigh,
And who would be left, without you, to die;
So if you e'er feel that your service is small,
Remember I praise it the highest of all;
And please just remember that thousands of
men

Join with me and say that the fix they're in
Is not bad after all, though we're sick and from
home,
For you come when we call you, and smile when
you come.

—ERNEST DURHAM.

Prayer

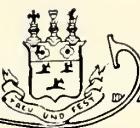
A little lifting of the eyes to see,
A little trembling of the heart from shame;
A little softly whispered melody
Around the thought of a dear human name.

A little wishing for a cleaner mind,
A little longing for more tenderness;
A little aching for the way to find
The word to help another in distress.

A little sorrow for the unkind deed,
A little hope for braver days ahead—
Always so little—yet what mighty need!
What countless thoughts unvoiced, and
prayers unsaid!

—ANNA HAMILTON WOOD.

The NIGHTINGALE



SNAPS



Evolution

- 1912—Girls may take off shirts and shoes during date hours.
- 1914—Girls may wear short-sleeve dresses during date hour tonight.
- 1916—Girls may wear straps over the shoulder tonight while seeing dates.
- 1918—Girls may wear a narrow skirt, 20 inches from the floor, just during date hours tonight.
- 1920—Girls may wear rolled hose this year, provided they roll their own.
- 1922—Girls may take off rats and bob their hair.
- 1924—Girls, please request your gentlemen friends to use staycomb and wear bell-bottom pants during date hour tonight.
- 1926—Girls may “do” one round of the Charleston and Black Bottom during date hour tonight.
- 1928—Oh, girls, let your conscience be your guide. I have done my best!

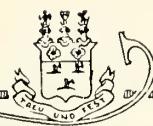
SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
And give us a girl with dresses not so tight,
Whose face is not covered by three coats of paint—
Give us a girl like the modern ones “ain’t.”

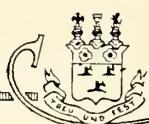
ANSWER

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
And give us an honest boy just for tonight,
Whose hair is not plastered with sweet oil and grease—
Oh, give us a man we can live with in peace.

The NIGHTINGALE



SNAPS



The NIGHTINGALE





C_EOKEs

Miss Baker: "Oh, Miss Beeker, I was so confused, I don't know how many times he kissed me."

Miss Beeker: "What! with the thing going on right under your nose?"

Φ Φ Φ

Dr. West: "Don't talk if you can't say something good about people under you."

Miss Boyette: "Why?"

Dr. West: "Why, even tombstones say something nice about those under them."

Φ Φ Φ

Dr. Watson: "Why are you always in such a rush, Ben?"

Dr. Lawrence: "The hen is the only creature on earth that I know that can sit still and produce dividends."

Φ Φ Φ

Miss Berry: "Why are you eternally singing, Dr. Freeman?"

Dr. Freeman: "Even a tea-kettle sings when it's in hot water up to its neck."

Φ Φ Φ

EVOLUTION

Freshman: "I don't know."

Soph: "I'm not prepared."

Junior: "I don't remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

Φ Φ Φ

Dr. Royster (during operation, to patient who is yelling): "Keep quiet, will you! These onlookers can't hear what I'm saying."

Φ Φ Φ

Dr. C. B.: "It will cost you about \$3.50 to get this prescription filled."

Patient: "Say, Doc, I'm a little short. Could you lend me \$3.00?"

Dr. C. B.: "Let me see that prescription again. I'll cross off about \$3.00 worth I had included for your nerves."

Φ Φ Φ

Miss Tucker: "The doctor said I must put down everything on the chart."

Miss Beeker: "Well?"

Miss Tucker: "The patient tried to kiss me. Must I put that down?"

Miss Beeker: "I think not."

Φ Φ Φ

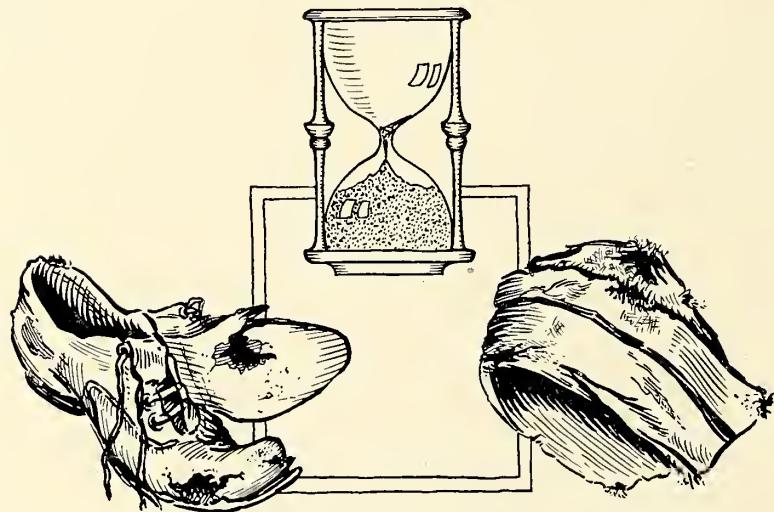
Mrs. Vaughan (arranging with clergyman for her second marriage): "I should like the ceremony in my yard this time, sir."

Clergyman: "Good gracious! Why?"

Mrs. Vaughan: "Then the chickens can pick up the rice. We wasted so much last time."

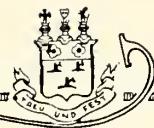
Φ Φ Φ

"The cockroach has no politics,
He does not care for fame.
He has no business in our soup,
But he gets there just the same."

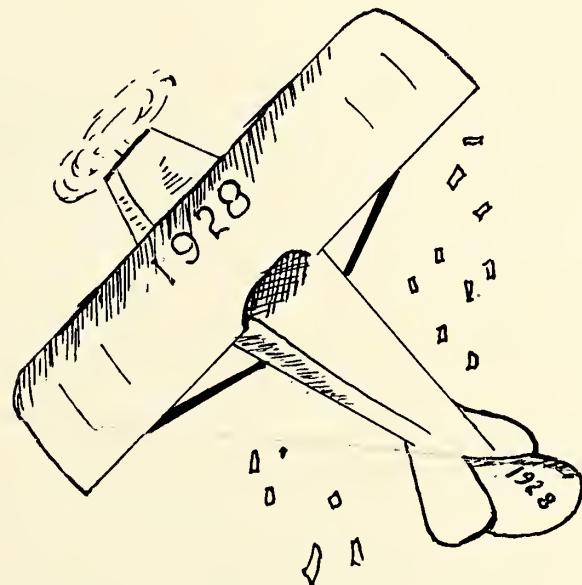


THE END

The NIGHTINGALE



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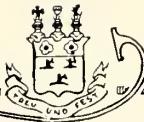
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The NIGHTINGALE



Dr. Neal (reading the Vogue): "I see where it's going to be the style for men to wear suits the color of their hair."

Dr. Thompson: "Now, what in the deuce am I going to do?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Cary: "This steak tastes queer."

Miss Crowder: "I can't understand it, dear. I did burn it a little, but I rubbed vaseline on it right away."

❖ ❖ ❖

(Miss Marshbanks' first days in training.)

Doctor: "Miss Marshbanks, how long have you been in training?"

Miss Marshbanks: "Two months."

Doctor: "Please get me a probe."

Miss Marshbanks: "I'm a probe, doctor."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss J. Pearce: "Miss Marshbanks, have you an opening for a bright, energetic nurse?"

Miss Marshbanks: "Yes, you are standing in it, and please don't slam it as you go out."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Eldridge, we thought, had all the degrees obtainable until last week he informed us that he was now working towards his C.I.H. (Credit in Heaven). Do you reckon he will get that one?

❖ ❖ ❖

"Doctor, I's come to ax if you g'wine order Rastus one of dim mustard plasters agin?"

Dr. Bell: "Perhaps so."

"Well, he ses ax you if he kin have a slice o' ham wid it, 'count it bein' a pow'ful perscription to take alone."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Wilkins' nephew, age three, and on first trip to barber shop: "I want my hair cut like uncle's, with a hole on top."

❖ ❖ ❖

Wanted to know: If this bichloride solution is sterile.—DR. MITCHINER.

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Swain: "I positively have nothing to wear to the dance tonight."

Mrs. Pace: "What became of those beads you bought last week?"

❖ ❖ ❖

St. Peter: "Halt!"

New Spirit: "Can't I come in?"

St. Peter: "I'd rather you wouldn't. You are an Intern, and we don't need any advice about running the universe."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Wright: "Would you like to join the New missionary movement?"

Miss Brown: "I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Crump: "I have invented a new dance."

Miss Woodley: "What do you call it?"

Miss Crump: "The Wall Street Wallop. You swing corners, change partners, and sidestep."

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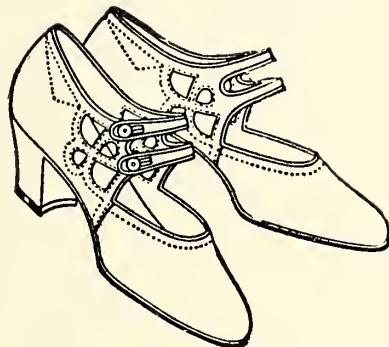
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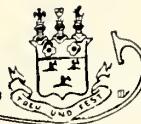
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The NIGHTINGALE



Dr. West: "What became of that hired man you got from the city?"

Dr. Abernethy: "Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and one day he crawled under a mule to see why it wouldn't go." ♀ ♀ ♀

One thing can be said in favor of the iceman: If he has any left over, he don't warm it up for breakfast. ♀ ♀ ♀

Two cross-eyed negro boys were arguing as to which had the worst cross-eyes.

Rastus: "Why, nigger, you's so cross-eyed dat when you cry de tears runs down your back."

Sambo: "Dat ain't nuthin', nigger. You's so cross-eyed dat you can stand in de middle of de week and see both Sundays."

♀ ♀ ♀

Dick: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

Miss Brown: "Put your freshman cap on it."

♀ ♀ ♀

Mr. Briggs: "And Effie actually wants to marry you? I should think my daughter would have better taste."

Her suitor: "Perhaps Effie takes after her mother, sir."

♀ ♀ ♀

Mrs. Warren: "Gertrude, run over and find out how old Mrs. Brown is today."

Gertrude (upon returning): "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is." ♀ ♀ ♀

Miss Hadden: "Is your Packard friend coming tonight?"

Miss T. Pearce: "No."

Miss Hadden: "Dodge Brothers?"

Miss Pearce: "No, dearie; this is Willys-Knight."

♀ ♀ ♀

Miss Smith had written her mother that she had been dating a cross-country man since coming to Rex. She was surprised to receive the following note from her parents:

"Pa and I don't object to your running around with a country man, Daisy, for your grandfather and grandmother were both farmers. We just can't understand why you don't pick out a congenial fellow instead of a cross one."

♀ ♀ ♀

Colored Preacher (at tent meeting): "Is dere anybody here what belongs to de army ob de Lord?"

Aunt Becky: "I does, suh."

Preacher: "What division?"

Aunt Becky: "The Baptists."

Preacher: "Look 'ere, woman, you don't b'long to no army; you b'longs to de navy."

♀ ♀ ♀

A woodpecker sat on Miss Langston's head
And settled down to drill.

He pecked and pecked and pecked away
And wore away his bill.

KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR EYES

MOST PEOPLE TOIL—but they also spin. There is a motor car to every five persons—and spinning along our highways is a hazardous sport without keen, clear vision.

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Miss Beeker (on anatomy):: "There is no necessity for laughing so loudly, Miss Mayes."

Miss Mayes: "No, but I laughed up my sleeve and there was a hole at the elbow."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Goodman complaining of exams.

Miss Johnson: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Miss Goodman: "I'd polish them."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Verne tried to get drunk last night and couldn't.

Why?

The flesh was willing, but the spirits were weak.

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Laidlaw was reading to the nurses and paused at the words "lay brother" to ask if they knew what "lay brother" means. A short silence ensued.

Miss Rivers: "Oh, it's a rooster!"

❖ ❖ ❖

You never find Dr. Turner sitting around. He says if you stand up for yourself people can't sit down on you.

❖ ❖ ❖

Maw: "Miss McKinnie, don't leave your clock on the stairway. It might run down."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Marshbanks: "I can write my name in the dust on this chart table."

Miss Byrd: "What a fine thing it is to have an education!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Wimberly: "Have you ever been to Apex?"

Miss McIntyre: "No, I've never been abroad."

❖ ❖ ❖

Photographer: "Now, please hold that position while I look in the camera."

Mrs. Atkinson (furiously arranging her skirts): "Not much I won't! Don't you think I know we are upside down when you look in there?"

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Freeman was asked to get us some jokes.

He said, "I don't know any."

Evidently he doesn't know himself.

❖ ❖ ❖

Girls: "Doctor, where do Bug(g)s go in the winter?"

Dr. Root: "Search me."

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Isler: "I would like to surprise my fiancé. What do you advise me to do?"

Miss Boyette: "Admit your age."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Wright: "Wilkins, your neck reminds me of a typewriter."

"How is that?"

"It's under wood."

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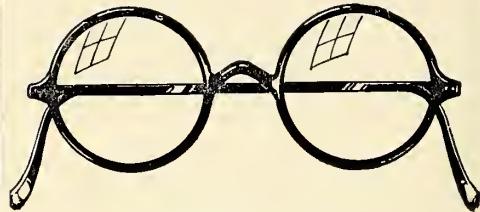
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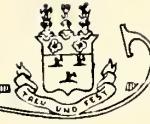
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RALEIGH, N. C.

The NIGHTINGALE



Miss Spivey (on summer vacation in country): "But why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are."



A village parson's daughter eloped in her father's clothes. The next day the village Bugle came out with an account of the elopement, headed: "Flees in Father's Pants."



The baby elephant is sad,
His life is dull and gray.
He cannot suck his thumb because
His nose is in his way.



Miss Harris: "Mother, my Sunday School teacher never takes a bath."

Mother: "Why, dear, who told you that?"

Miss Harris: "She did. She said that she never did anything in private that she would not do in public."



In the early days of the World War the officer in charge of a British post, deep in the heart of Africa, received a wireless message from his chief: "War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication: "Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Argentinian, and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."



THE PROBIE CLASS

I stood upon the staircase
And gazed far down the hall.
I saw a bunch of green stuff
Arranged along the wall.
I looked again, and lo it moved!
I thought 'twas waving grass;
But, no, 'twas on its way to the hall—
'Twas only the Probie class.



Love is like an onion:
You taste it with delight;
But when it's gone you wonder
Whatever made you bite.



Mrs. Walton: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

Young Man: "You're just one minute too late, madam. I've already learned."



"How much are these dollar stockings?" asked Miss Harrell.

"Fifty cents a foot," replied the funny clerk.

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THAT
KEEPS



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¶ If the preservation of the health of your family is worthy of consideration, then a medium through which the health may be protected is due an equal amount of consideration. Improper refrigerating methods are becoming more obsolete each year on account of their inability to maintain a temperature low enough to check the growth of bacteria. With Kelvinator a low, even temperature is kept at all times, food spoilage reduced to a minimum, and the growth of bacteria checked. Kelvinator, then, cannot be considered a luxury. It performs a necessary service at an unusually low cost. There's a model for every home and a price for every purse.

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& FAUCETTE**

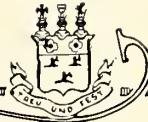
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and
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The NIGHTINGALE



The average income of the young man of today is midnight.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Nothing shall ever come between us," murmured the sheik, as he put on his bell-bottom pants.

❖ ❖ ❖

Scientists say that the fewer clothes you wear the longer you live. If that is the case it will be necessary to shoot some of these flappers on judgment day.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Judd (to visitor in O. R.): "Now, my friends, this is a serious operation. It is rarely ever an entire success, and any surgeon who has any degree of success with it has a right to be proud." (To patient): "Now, is there anything we can do for you before we begin?"

Patient: "Yes; you can give me my clothes and let me get out of here."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Buchanan sat watching the barber singe Miss McCain's hair. "Gee, if he ain't hunting them with a light!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Murphy: "Dancing is the poetry of motion."

M. Peedin: "Then you must be fond of free verse."

❖ ❖ ❖

Daddy: "Sonnyboy, do you want to see the new baby the stork just brought?"

Sonnyboy (after looking at the baby): "Gosh, no! I want to see that stork."

❖ ❖ ❖

LIKE A CIGAR BAND

Mary had a bathing suit,
The latest style, no doubt,
And when she got inside she
Was more than halfway out.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE HEIGHT OF AFFECTION

What is a prettier picture, dear children, than to see a pair of giraffes necking?

❖ ❖ ❖

PAWING THE SHEIK

"The new patient in Ward 1 is very good-looking," said Miss Barbour.

"Yes," agreed Miss Marshbanks, "but don't wash his face. He's had that done by four nurses this morning."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Caviness: "Dearest, if you don't marry me I will never love another as long as I live."

She: "And does that promise hold good if I accept you?"

❖ ❖ ❖

"Dr. Wright treated two houses on Boulevard last year."

"Why, he says they are full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window blind?"

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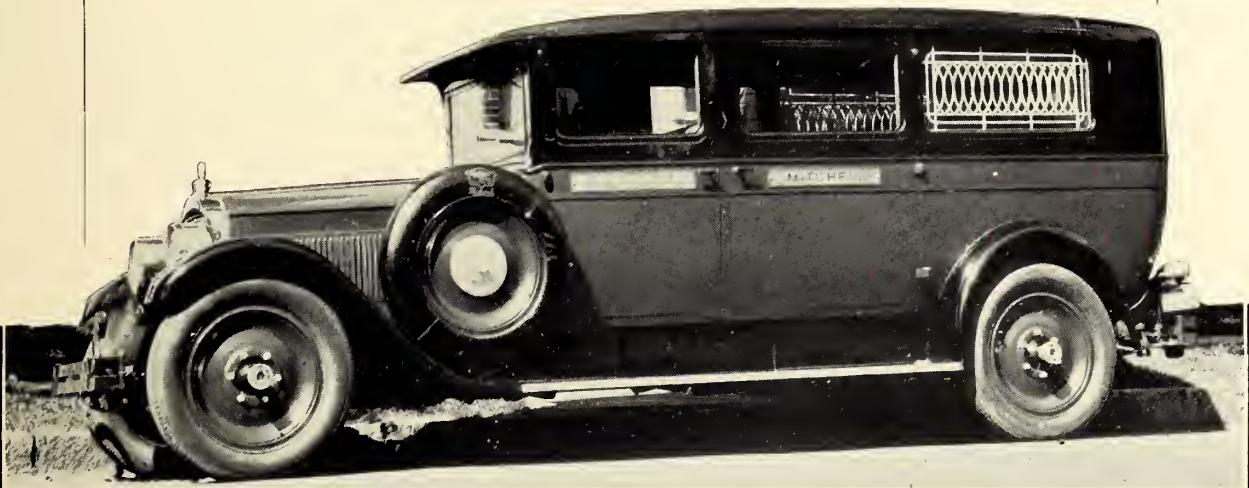
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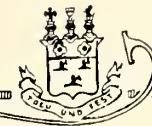
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The NIGHTINGALE



PREHISTORIC

"Oh, mother, guess what! I just saw a lady with great long hair gathered up in a bump on top of her head, and held there with pieces of bent wire."

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Rogers: "All you need is oxygen. Come each day at 5 o'clock and the inhalations will be five dollars each."

"There," said the lady. "I just knew Dr. Neal didn't know his business. He told me all I needed was plain fresh air."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Poole lingered a minute to give a last pat to her hair and see that her cheeks were quite pink enough, then descended to the parlor to find her little sister on Harvey's knee, her head nestling against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Sh'an't do it!" retorted the child. "I got here first."

❖ ❖ ❖

"Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I recommended?" asked the druggist.

"Maw": "No, I didn't. I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."

❖ ❖ ❖

"Well, well," said Dr. Goodwin, as he met his former patient on the street. "I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brown. How are you this morning?"

"First, doctor, does it cost anything to tell you?"

❖ ❖ ❖

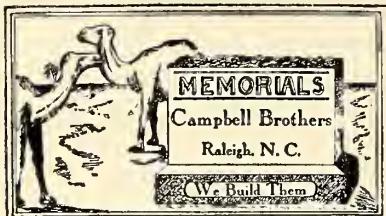
A husband whose mother-in-law was uncongenial received the following telegram from his wife: "Mother dead. Shall we have her embalmed, cremated, or buried?"

The husband wired back: "Do all three; take no chances."

❖ ❖ ❖

FINALE

You wouldn't knock
The jokes we use
Could you but see
Those we refused.



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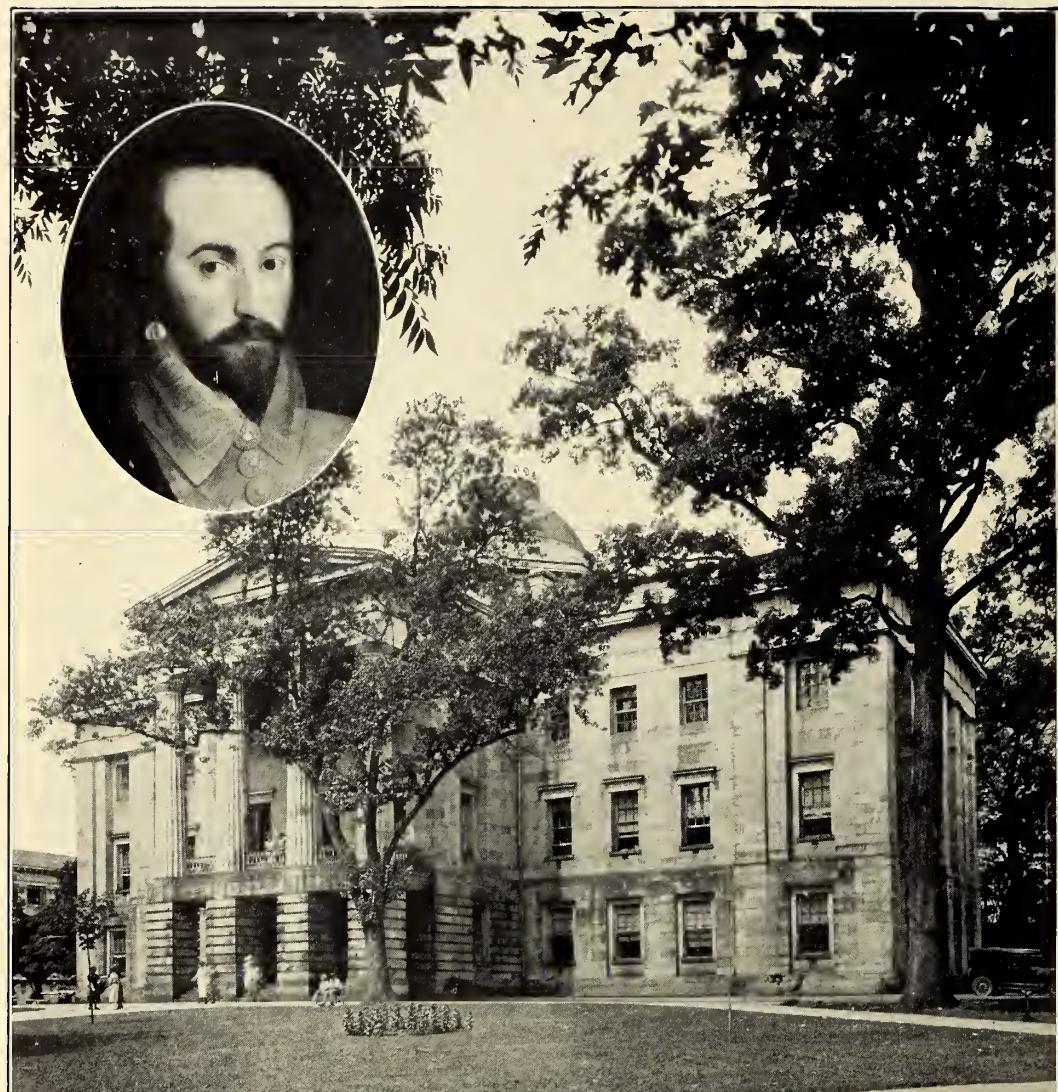
Raleigh, N. C.



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